

A
MICRON PUBLICATION

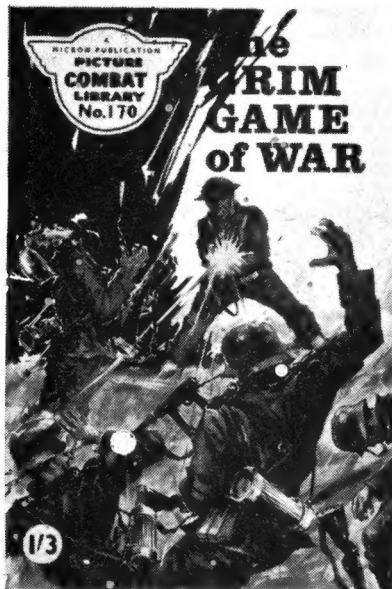
PICTURE
COMBAT
LIBRARY
No. 169

HILL OF NO RETURN



1/3

ALSO ON SALE NOW



No. 170

THE GRIM GAME OF WAR

ONE OF THE
OTHER GREAT
TITLES ON
YOUR BOOKSTALL

NOW!

NEXT MONTH'S TITLES

COMBAT PICTURE LIBRARY

No. 173
ESCAPE FROM CRETE

No. 174
SPY IN THE SKY

No. 175
THE GHOST SQUADRON

No. 176
RAID ON ST. JULIAN

On Sale Wednesday, January 1st

HILL OF NO RETURN

6TH JUNE 1944. THE ALLIED FORCES HAD SMASHED THEIR WAY OVER THE NORMANDY BEACHES AND INTO THE OPEN COUNTRY BEYOND. SMALL UNITS WERE THERE DETACHED TO STRIKE DEEP INTO ENEMY-HELD TERRITORY ON DESPERATE MISSIONS OF VITAL IMPORTANCE TO THE SUCCESS OF THE INVASION. OUTNUMBERED AND UNSUPPORTED, THEY HAD ONLY THEIR COURAGE TO CARRY THEM FORWARD.



NOW, AS IN FORAYS MADE SINCE THE FIRST BATTLES BEGAN, THE SPECIALIST SOLDIER FINDS THAT HE HAS TO FIGHT DOUBLY HARD TO PROVE HIS WORTH...

THE OBJECTIVE WAS A MIGHTY 12 IN. GUN AT THE MOUTH OF THE RIVER ORNE. THE R. A. F. AND THE NAVY HAD FAILED TO PENETRATE THE HUGE CONCRETE DEFENCES AND THE GUN MENACED THE LANDINGS ON SWORD RED BEACH. BUT T. S. M. HARRISON PUT FIRST THINGS FIRST.



BILL KNEW THAT THE SERGEANT-MAJOR WAS AN INFANTRYMAN TO THE CORE AND DETESTED ALL 'SPECIALIST' TROOPS. HE DECIDED THAT THE SIGNALS WOULD SHOW THE T. S. M. JUST WHERE HE WAS WRONG!



SIGNALMAN 'CHALKY' WHITE HAD BEEN WITH THE SERGEANT ON MANY A DESPERATE RAID AND THEY WERE FIRM FRIENDS...



THE COMMANDOS OF X TROOP, NO. 36 COMMANDO, FOUGHT THEIR WAY THROUGH THE HOSTILE COUNTRYSIDE, SNIPED AT FROM ALL SIDES, BUT NOTHING WAS GOING TO STOP THEM FROM REACHING THAT GUN SITE.



WHEN AT LAST THE TROOP REACHED THE HIGH GROUND OVERLOOKING THE GUN EMPLACEMENT, THE FACE OF THE VETERAN YOUNG COMMANDER STIFFENED AT THE FORMIDABLE TASK BEFORE HIS MEN.



MANY MILES AWAY, OFF THE CROWDED BEACHES, THE GREAT SHELL CRASHED HOME INTO THE DECK OF AN L. S. T. WHICH ERUPTED INTO A WHITE-HOT BALL OF FLAME AND A PALL OF BLACK SMOKE...



AT THAT MOMENT CAPTAIN SWAYNE WAS FINISHING HIS FINAL BRIEFING...

WELL, THAT'S THE DRILL, LADS. NOW LET'S GET IN AND OUT SHARPISH-LIKE. DETACH THE MORTAR TEAMS SERGEANT-MAJOR, AND WE'LL GET CRACKING.



THE COMMANDOS CLICKED INTO ACTION LIKE A WELL-OILED MACHINE. UNDER COVER OF A SMOKE-SCREEN LAID DOWN BY THE 2IN. MORTARS THEY RACED INTO ACTION AND PITCHED IN - HARD!



THE GERMAN DEFENDERS HAD BEEN ALERTED BY THE SNIPERS AND REACTED WITH SPEED TO THE SMOKESCREEN. THEY OPENED FIRE ON FIXED LINES IN A VICIOUS CROSSFIRE, SPANDAU'S CHATTERING A SONG OF DEATH.



THE LEADING MEN THREW THEMSELVES FACE DOWN UPON THE COILS OF WIRE, FLATTENING THEM TO ALLOW THE OTHERS TO CROSS ON THE BRIDGES FORMED BY THEIR BODIES.



ONCE THROUGH THE WIRE THE BRITISH CLOSED WITH THEIR ENEMY. THE GUN SITE RANG WITH THE ROAR OF EXPLODING GRENADES, THE RATTLE OF AUTOMATIC FIRE AND THE HOARSE CRIES OF MEN LOCKED IN MORTAL COMBAT. ABOVE IT ALL, THE GREAT GUN BELLOWED AGAIN AND AGAIN...



BILL AND CHALKY FOLLOWED IN THE SECOND WAVE. NOTHING WAS GOING TO KEEP THEM FROM A SCRAP LIKE THAT.



THE LAST DESPERATE RESISTANCE OVERCOME, THE TROOP PREPARED FOR DEMOLITION.



THE HUGE BULK OF THE GUN DOMINATED THE SCENE INSIDE THE CUPOLA AS THE DEMOLITION TEAM HURRIED WITH PRACTISED SPEED.



SCOUSE GRINNED SAVAGELY AS HE WORKED. HE THOUGHT OF THE MEN CROWDING ASHORE ON THE BEACHES. NO MORE GOOD MEN WOULD LOSE THEIR LIVES BECAUSE OF THIS MONSTER.

INSTANTANEOUS FUSE JOINED THE CHARGES ON THE GUN AND IN THE MAGAZINE. EVERYTHING WAS READY FOR THE FINAL TOUCH...

C.K. NOW, SIR. THE WAR WILL BE OVER BEFORE THEY GET THIS BABY GOING AGAIN.

CLEAR THE AREA. LIGHT THE FUSE, SERGEANT-MAJOR!

FUSE IS BURNING, SIR!



AS CAPTAIN SWAYNE MARCHED BRISKLY AWAY FROM THE BURNING FUSE HE WONDERED HOW LONG IT WOULD BE BEFORE THE GERMANS COUNTER-ATTACKED. THE NEXT FEW HOURS THREATENED TO BE GRIM...



THE CHARGES EXPLODED WITH A BLAST THAT ROCKED THE COUNTRYSIDE...



CAPTAIN SWAYNE WAS QUIETLY SATISFIED. A DEDICATED SOLDIER, HE HAD ONLY ONE AIM IN VIEW, THE OVERTHROW OF HIS COUNTRY'S ENEMIES.



BUT CONTACT WITH CONTROL WAS NOT ESTABLISHED. FAR FROM IT.

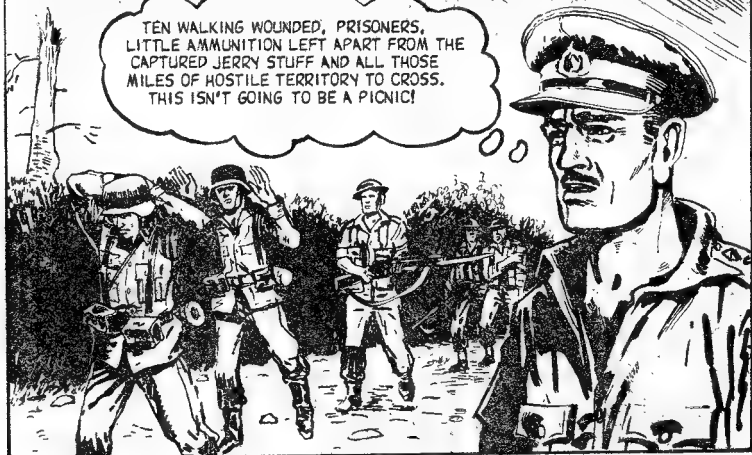


HOW RIGHT HE WAS! WHEN CAPTAIN SWAYNE FINISHED, SCOUSE STARTED. THIS WAS THE MOMENT FOR WHICH HE HAD DREAMED...



BUT CAPTAIN SWAYNE WASTED NO TIME IN VITUPERATION. SWIFTLY HE ORGANISED HIS MEN FOR THE MARCH BACK. NEVER BEFORE HAD THE STRAIN OF COMMAND WEIGHED SO HEAVILY UPON HIM...

TEN WALKING WOUNDED, PRISONERS,
LITTLE AMMUNITION LEFT APART FROM THE
CAPTURED JERRY STUFF AND ALL THOSE
MILES OF HOSTILE TERRITORY TO CROSS.
THIS ISN'T GOING TO BE A PICNIC!



IT WAS AS WELL FOR HIS PEACE OF MIND THAT HE COULD NOT SEE THE ALERTED GERMAN TROOPS CONVERGING UPON HIM FROM ALL POINTS OF THE COMPASS...

SCHNELL! QUICKLY! WE
MUST BE THE FIRST TO REACH THE
VILLAGE OF BEAUCORD. THESE IMPUDENT
ENGLANDERS MUST PASS THROUGH THERE
AND WE WILL SET THEM A TRAP THAT
WILL WIPE THEM OUT!



WHILE THE GERMANS RACED TO COMPLETE THE TRAP, X TROOP STROVE ON, NERVES STRETCHED TO THE LIMIT AS ATTACK AFTER ATTACK WAS BEATEN OFF. MILE AFTER MILE THEY FOUGHT, THEIR NUMBERS GROWING FEWER AS THE DAY GREW LONGER.



BILL AND CHALKY FOUGHT WITH THEM, GRIMLY DETERMINED TO MAKE UP FOR THEIR FAILURE...



LEG-MUSCLES STIFF WITH FATIGUE... DEATH AWAITING THEM AT EVERY ROAD JUNCTION, EVERY COTTAGE, EVERY BRIDGE AND HEDGEROW. ONLY A FANTASTIC COURAGE AND WILL TO WIN KEPT X TROOP GOING. IT WAS AS WELL THAT THEY COULD NOT SEE THE VILLAGE OF BEAUCORD, AROUND THE NEXT CORNER.



BUT THE FRANTIC EFFORTS TO ENTRAP THE BRITISH TROOPS WERE BEING CLOSELY WATCHED BY TWO PAIRS OF HATE-FILLED EYES...



PIERRE'S CHEST FELT ON FIRE AND HIS LEGS WERE LEADEN AS HE FINALLY RAN DOWN TO THE COMMANDOS MOVING IN UPON THE VILLAGE.



TRUE TO HIS WORD, PIERRE LED THE EXHAUSTED TROOPS AROUND THE ENEMY TRAP AND INTO THE SAFETY OF THE BRITISH-HELD TERRITORY.



BILL AND CHALKY FOUND THERE WAS NOT THE TIME TO BROOD OVER FAILURE...



THE LINE-LAYING SECTION WELCOMED THE TWO FRIENDS.

HULLO, SERGEANT SUTTON. IT'S GLAD WE ARE TO SEE YOU AND CHALKY JOINING US. I LOOK FORWARD TO WORKING WITH YOU... AND THAT GOES FOR THE BOYS HERE, TOO.

THANKS, TAFFY. WE HEARD THAT TOM BOUGHT IT ON THE BEACH. I'M SORRY THAT I HAVE TO TAKE OVER FOR THAT REASON.



THE FIRST LONG DAY ON THE SHORES OF FRANCE WAS ENDING AS BILL CHECKED THE STORES AND ALLOCATED SHIFTS TO THE LINESMEN.

...AND IF YOU, TAFFY, TAKE THE NEXT SHIFT WITH WAINWRIGHT, CHALKY AND I WILL TAKE THE RESERVE ONE.



DESPITE HIS WEARISSNESS, IT WAS A LONG TIME BEFORE BILL SUTTON CLOSED HIS EYES THAT NIGHT. AGONISING THOUGHTS OF SELF-BLAME RAN THROUGH HIS MIND AS HE RELIVED THE SAVAGE FIGHTING OF THE DAY...

I WONDER WHEN THAT SHRAPNEL DAMAGED THE SET? I SHOULD HAVE EXAMINED IT BEFORE. GOOD MEN DIED BECAUSE OF MY NEGLIGENCE. I MUST MAKE IT UP... I MUST... BUT HOW?... AND WHEN?



THE DARKNESS GAVE THE GERMANS TIME TO REGROUP AND DAWN BROUGHT THE FIRST OF THOSE COUNTER-ATTACKS WHICH WERE TO SMASH AGAINST THE ALLIED DEFENCES AGAIN AND AGAIN DURING THE LONG MONTHS TO COME. A DEADLY CURTAIN OF SHELL AND MORTAR FIRE BLANKETED THE WEAPON-PITS OF NO. 76 MARINE COMMANDO AS THE NAZIS CAME IN...HARD!



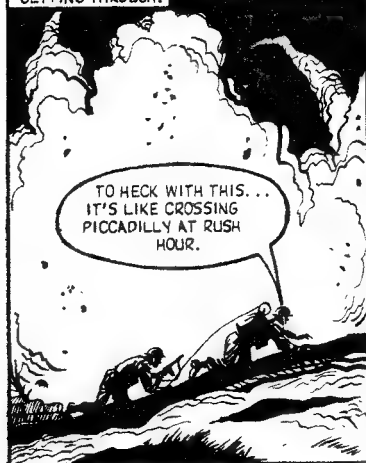
WHEN THE RADIO CIRCUITS ARE JAMMED, THERE REMAINS THE FIELD TELEPHONE LINK. BUT TELEPHONE LINE IS VULNERABLE — AND SO ARE THE MEN THAT LAY IT.



ALARMED AT THE DELAY IN ESTABLISHING LINE COMMUNICATION WITH NO. 76 COMMANDO, BILL AND CHALKY SET OUT AS A SECOND TEAM.



THE SIGNALLERS PRESSED ON THROUGH A VICIOUS BARRAGE OF MORTAR FIRE, CONSCIOUS THAT THE LIVES OF THE BRITISH MARINES DEPENDED ON THEIR GETTING THROUGH.



THE SIGNALLERS SEEMED TO BEAR A CHARMED LIFE...

LINE TO BRIGADE HEADQUARTERS, SIR. THE SUPPORT BATTERY'S CALL SIGN IS ABLE MIKE BAKER ONE.

AND ABOUT TIME, TOO. WE'VE BEATEN OFF THE FIRST ATTACK BUT THEY'LL BE BACK SOON AND THEY'RE DAMNED GOOD. GET ME ABLE MIKE BAKER ONE, SWITCHBOARD, AND JUMP TO IT!



THE GERMANS CHARGED INTO THE ATTACK ONCE MORE. THIS TIME THE IMPUDENT ENGLANDERS WERE GOING TO BE SWEEPED INTO THE SEA!



BUT THIS TIME THE BRITISH ARTILLERY WAS RANGED ON AND THE GERMAN ATTACK WAS SMASHED IN A DEVASTATING TORNADO OF STEEL...



THE BREAK-UP OF THE ATTACK BROUGHT GRINS TO THE STRAINED FACES OF THE WEARY COMMANDOS...

WELL DONE, SERGEANT!
YOU GOT THE LINE THROUGH JUST
IN TIME. WITH THE GUNNERS BEHIND
US WE CAN STOP HITLER HIMSELF
NOW!



BUT CHALKY, AS USUAL, HAD MENTAL
RESERVATIONS...

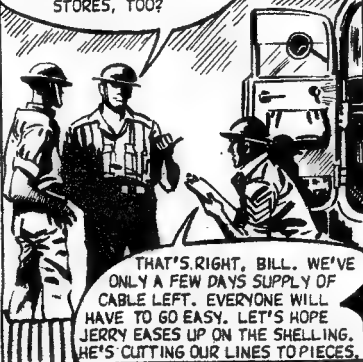
WE GOT AWAY WITH THAT
ALL RIGHT, BILL. BUT I SHUDDER
TO THINK WHAT JERRY IS COOKING
UP FOR US TOMORROW.

THAT'S WHAT I LIKE
ABOUT YOU, CHUM. YOU'RE
SUCH A COMFORT TO HAVE
AROUND.



THE STORMS WHICH HIT THE BEACHES AFTER
D-DAY BROUGHT ATTENDANT TROUBLES IN
SHORTAGE OF EQUIPMENT. THE GERMANS
SCENTED VICTORY AND THREW IN WAVE
AFTER WAVE OF INFANTRY AGAINST THE
ALLIED LINES - BUT THE ALLIED SOLDIERS
GRITTED THEIR TEETH AND HUNG ON...

NICE TO SEE YOU BACK IN ACTION, AGAIN,
TAFFY. GLAD IT WASN'T TOO BAD A KNOCK.
ARE WE GETTING SHORT OF
STORES, TOO?



THAT'S RIGHT, BILL. WE'VE
ONLY A FEW DAYS SUPPLY OF
CABLE LEFT. EVERYONE WILL
HAVE TO GO EASY. LET'S HOPE
JERRY EASES UP ON THE SHELLING.
HE'S CUTTING OUR LINES TO PIECES.

BUT MALEVOLENT EYES WERE WATCHING THE GROUP AROUND THE TRUCK...



WHAT ARE THE VERDAMMT ENGLANDERS SAYING, HANS?

I CAN'T FOLLOW EVERY WORD. IT'S NOT EASY TO LIP-READ IN ANOTHER LANGUAGE, BUT THEY SEEM TO BE WORRIED ABOUT LACK OF EQUIPMENT. NOW THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA...

THE SABOTEURS WAITED FOR DARKNESS TO FALL - THEN HANS PUT HIS IDEA TO WORK...



THERE'S A MACHINE-GUN POST ON THE LEFT, LUDWIG. SILENT NOW, WE MUST NOT BE DETECTED FOR WE HAVE MUCH TO DO THIS NIGHT.

IN THE UNEASY SMALL HOURS, A HAND TOUCHED SERGEANT BILL SUTTON AS HE SLEPT IN HIS SLIT-TRENCH. . .



BILL FOLLOWED THE RUNNER TO THE SIGNAL OFFICE WHERE CAPTAIN BLAKE WAS ANXIOUSLY PACING UP AND DOWN.



SWIFTLY BILL ROUSED CHALKY AND THEY SET OUT INTO THE MENACING DARKNESS LOOKING FOR THE BREAKS IN THE LINES - AND WHAT ELSE MAY BE THERE...

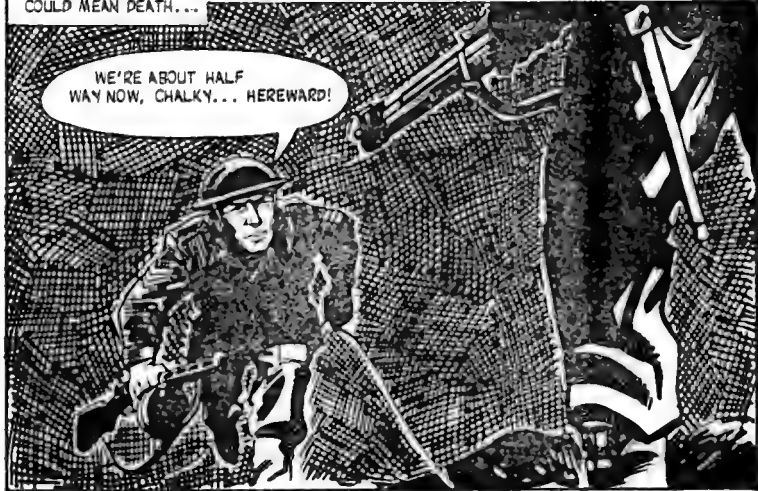
WE'RE ASKING FOR IT
DASHING AROUND IN THIS DARKNESS,
WITH EVERYONE TRIGGERHAPPY. 'HEREWARD
THE WAKE'... HUH - I WISH IT WAS
CHALKY THE ASLEEP!

PIPE DOWN, CHALKY!
THIS IS NO TIME FOR YOUR
GRIPING.



SILENTLY THE TWO FRIENDS TRACED THE LINE TO NO. 34 COMMANDO. THE DEW-WET INSULATED CABLE CHILLED AS IT SLIPPED THROUGH THEIR FINGERS. DESPITE THE CLOSE ATTENTION THIS REQUIRED A KEEN GUARD WAS NECESSARY. A MOMENT'S RELAXATION COULD MEAN DEATH...

WE'RE ABOUT HALF
WAY NOW, CHALKY... HEREWARD!



THE MENACING SHAPE STEPPED NEARER...

THE WAKE... SIGNALS ISN'T IT? WE'RE LOOKING FOR A COUPLE OF CHARACTERS WHO SABOTAGED OUR PETROL TRUCK. SEEN ANYTHING OF 'EM?

'FRAID NOT. WE WERE TOLD THAT OUR LINES WERE CUT INCLUDING THAT TO YOUR COMMANDO AND WE ARE LOOKING FOR THE BREAK. HOPE YOU CATCH THE BLIGHTERS. GOOD LUCK!

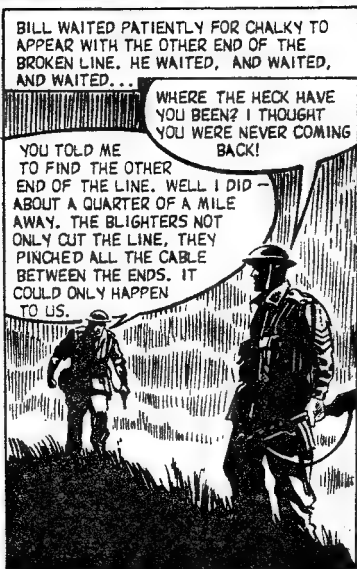
WITH QUIVERING NERVES THE SIGNALLERS CONTINUED THEIR SEARCH. TIRED AND COLD THEY THOUGHT THAT THEY WOULD NEVER FIND THE BREAK, UNTIL AT LAST...

THIS IS IT ALL RIGHT, LOOK AT THIS — THE END HAS BEEN CUT WITH A SHARP INSTRUMENT. IT WAS EITHER PLIERS OR A STRONG KNIFE. SCOUT AROUND FOR THE OTHER END, CHALKY.

BILL WAITED PATIENTLY FOR CHALKY TO APPEAR WITH THE OTHER END OF THE BROKEN LINE. HE WAITED, AND WAITED, AND WAITED...

WHERE THE HECK HAVE YOU BEEN? I THOUGHT YOU WERE NEVER COMING BACK!

YOU TOLD ME TO FIND THE OTHER END OF THE LINE. WELL I DID — ABOUT A QUARTER OF A MILE AWAY. THE BLIGHTERS NOT ONLY CUT THE LINE, THEY PINCHED ALL THE CABLE BETWEEN THE ENDS. IT COULD ONLY HAPPEN TO US.



AN HOUR'S STEADY WORK ENABLED THE FRIENDS TO REPLACE THE CABLE. DAWN WAS BREAKING AS BILL AND CHALKY REPORTED TO THE SIGNALS OFFICER.



AS BILL MADE HIS WAY TO THE COOKHOUSE A PLAN WAS FORMING IN HIS HEAD WHICH BODED NO GOOD FOR SOMEONE. . .



THE LINE SECTION WERE GOING TO SEE THAT THE MEDDLERS WITH THEIR LINE WERE GOING TO GET TROUBLE - WITH A CAPITAL T!

AND THAT'S IT, SIR. WE'LL ALL BE HALFWAY OUT ON EACH LINE, CONNECTED UP. AS SOON AS THE LINE GOES DEAD WE'LL CALL UP AND FROM THE SWITCHBOARD THAT ANSWERS, WILL KNOW WHICH WAY TO GO.

A VERY GOOD PLAN, SERGEANT. IT DESERVES TO SUCCEED. THE BEST OF LUCK TO YOU ALL.



THE SIGNALS SET OUT INTO THE GATHERING DARKNESS. ONE THOUGHT WAS IN MANY MINDS - WOULD THEY BE THE TRAPPERS OR THE TRAPPED?

KEEP YOUR HOLSTER UNBUTTONED TONIGHT, CHUM. YOU MAY NEED THAT COLT IN A HURRY!



SOME TIME LATER...



IN THE INDIGO SHADOWS OF A NEARBY WALL, A STEALTHY FIGURE MOVED. STEEL GLEAMED IN THE STARLIGHT...



WITHIN MINUTES THE WAITING SIGNALLERS
KNEW IN WHICH DIRECTION THE LINE HAD
BEEN BROKEN. THEY SNAPPED INTO ACTION.

THEY CAN'T BE FAR FROM
HERE, CHALKY, GET
READY FOR ACTION.



BUT SOUND TRAVELS FAR AT NIGHT...



THE TRAPPERS WERE
THEMSELVES TRAPPED...

LOOK OUT
FOR THE KNIFE, BILL!



BUT THE COMMANDOS WERE TRAINED AGAINST THIS TYPE OF ATTACK AND THEIR REACTIONS WERE AUTOMATICALLY SWIFT...



THE GERMANS WERE NOT SLOUCHES AT UNARMED COMBAT AND THE FIGHT RAGED ON...

TEUFEL! I WILL KILL YOU,
SCHWEINKUND!



LUDWIG LANDED
AWKWARDLY...

OOOOOOH!



CHALKY WAS STILL BUSY WITH HIS TRICKS FROM THE COMMANDO DEPOT.



THE FIGHT WAS OVER...



THE LINE REPAIRED, THE PRISONERS WERE TAKEN IN FOR INTERROGATION.

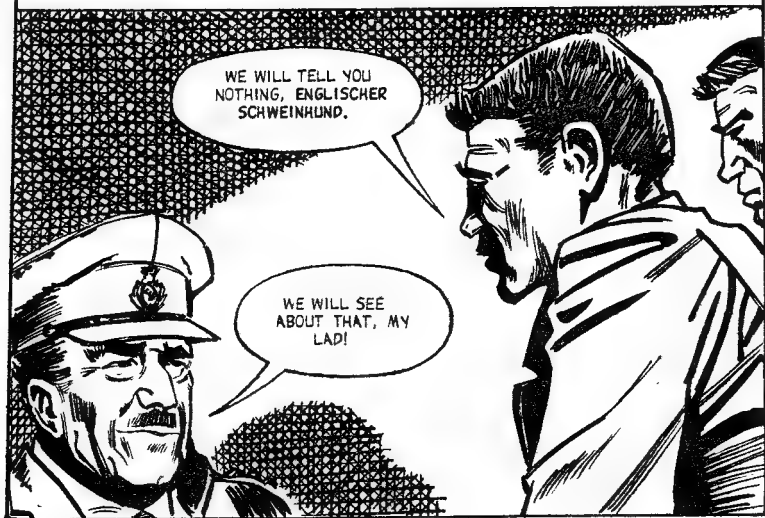
THE GERMAN SABOTEURS
FOR INTERROGATION, SIR!



THE NAZIS PROVED TRUCULENT BUT THE INTELLIGENCE OFFICER WAS VERY EXPERIENCED. . .

WE WILL TELL YOU
NOTHING, ENGLISCHER
SCHWEINHUND.

WE WILL SEE
ABOUT THAT, MY
LAD!



BRIGADIER LORD CAMERON CONGRATULATED THE TWO FRIENDS...

WELL DONE, LADS.
THROUGH YOUR ACTIONS LAST
NIGHT YOU CAUGHT TWO ENEMY SOLDIERS
WHO HAD CAUSED GREAT DAMAGE. IT
WAS A BONNY SHOW AND I SHALL
SEE THAT YOUR DEVOTION TO
DUTY IS NOT OVERLOOKED.



BILL SUTTON GAVE A GRIM SMILE OF SATISFACTION...

IF SCOUSE HARRISON
COULD SEE THIS! BUT
THIS IS ONLY THE FIRST
STEP TO AVENGE THE
FIASCO OF X TROOP.
THE OTHERS MUST
COME SOON...



AFTER WEEKS OF HAMMERING, THE CHAIN OF GERMAN STEEL BURST APART AND THE ALLIED ARMOUR SMASHED THROUGH TO SPEARHEAD DEEP INTO THE ENEMY-HELD TERRITORY. THE GREAT SWEEPING THRUSTS BY THE ALLIED TANKS BACKED UP BY CLOSE AIR SUPPORT SENT THE NAZI ARMIES REELING BACK...



THE SWIFTESS OF THE ADVANCE LEFT THE COMMANDO BRIGADE FAR BEHIND - BUT LIFE HAD ITS COMPENSATIONS!



THE ADVANCE WHICH HAD LEFT THEM BEHIND GROUND TO A HALT AS THE LINES OF SUPPLY WERE STRETCHED BEYOND THEIR LIMITS. . .



THE SPOT WAS WELL CHOSEN FOR LOCAL DEFENCE. BUT ON A DISTANT HILL...

THE ENGLISCHER PANZERGRUPPE HAVE STOPPED BY THAT FARMHOUSE. TELL THE COMMANDANT AT ONCE. THEY ARE WITHIN RANGE OF OUR HOWITZERS!

JAWOHL, FELDWEBEL!

TAKE THIS MESSAGE TO THE OBERGRUPPENFUEHRER AT ONCE. SCHNELL!

THE GERMAN REARGUARD COMMANDER WAS EXPERIENCED AND HIS REACTIONS WERE SWIFT BUT CALCULATING...

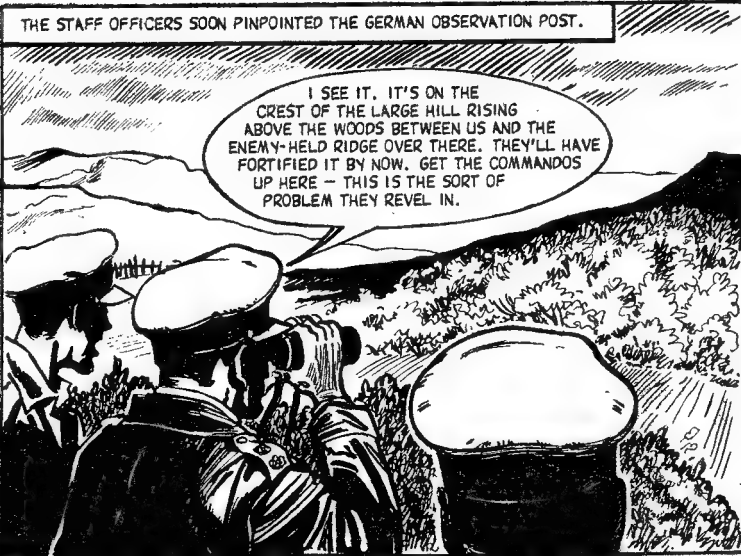
JA! THROW A DEFENSIVE RING AROUND OUT SPOTTER POST. IT IS VITAL THAT WE KEEP IT OPERATING. I MUST KNOW EVERY MOVE OF THE ENGLANDERS, THE RESERVE INFANTRY GROUP ARE ALREADY ON THEIR WAY TO YOU. HOLD THAT HILL... IT IS THE KEY TO THE AREA.

IN A VERY SHORT WHILE THE PEACE OF THE BRITISH CAMP WAS RUDELY DISTURBED...



THE STAFF OFFICERS SOON PINPOINTED THE GERMAN OBSERVATION POST.

I SEE IT. IT'S ON THE CREST OF THE LARGE HILL RISING ABOVE THE WOODS BETWEEN US AND THE ENEMY-HELD RIDGE OVER THERE. THEY'LL HAVE FORTIFIED IT BY NOW. GET THE COMMANDOS UP HERE — THIS IS THE SORT OF PROBLEM THEY REVEL IN.



... AND SO THE COMMANDOS WERE CALLED INTO ACTION ONCE MORE... AND BILL SUTTON GOT HIS SECOND CHANCE...

THE BRIGADIER HAS ORDERED 36 COMMANDO TO TAKE AN ENEMY-HELD HILL NEAR DIVES. X TROOP WILL BE IN ACTION AGAIN. HOW WOULD YOU LIKE THE JOB OF BRIGADE LINK SET? WHITE CAN GO WITH YOU.

GOOD MAN. THE REST OF THE BRIGADE WILL FOLLOW YOU WITHIN THE HOUR. BEST OF LUCK!

I'D LIKE NOTHING BETTER, SIR. WITH YOUR PERMISSION WE'LL TAKE A SPARE SET THIS TIME, JUST IN CASE! IF YOU'LL LET ME HAVE THE CALL SIGNS AND FREQUENCIES WE'LL BE ON OUR WAY.



BUT CHALKY WHITE RESPONDED WITH TYPICAL LACK OF ENTHUSIASM...

WHAT A PAL! YOU'D VOLUNTEER ME INTO
A ONE-WAY TRIP TO BERLIN - NOT THAT I
WOULDN'T PREFER THAT TO MEETING
UP WITH SCOUSE AGAIN.

I THOUGHT YOU'D
BE PLEASED!

THE SIGNAL JEEP DROVE TO THE RENDEZVOUS WITH X TROOP... AND T. S. M. HARRISON!

SITTING DOWN THERE WON'T
HELP, CHALKY. SCOUSE HAS AN
EYE LIKE A VULTURE...

...AND A
DISPOSITION TO MATCH.



BILL REPORTED TO CAPTAIN SWAYNE...

SIGNAL RADIO
DETACHMENT REPORTING
FOR DUTY, SIR!

VERY GOOD,
SERGEANT. LET US
HOPE THAT YOU ARE
MORE SUCCESSFUL
THIS TIME. CARRY
ON!



WHILE BILL WAS MAKING HIS REPORT
CHALKY HAD A VISITOR...

SIGNALLER!



THE MOMENT CHALKY HAD DREADED HAD ARRIVED.

OH NO! NOT YOU AGAIN!
I SUPPOSE SERGEANT SUTTON
IS HERE, TOO. WELL YOU TELL
HIM FROM ME TO KEEP OUTA
MY HAIR THIS TIME.
D'YOU HEAR ME?
OUTA MY HAIR!

YE..YE..YESSIR!
OUTA YOUR HAIR, SIR.
CERTAINLY, SIR.



BILL RETURNED TO FIND A DESPONDENT CHALKY...

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU?
DON'T TELL ME - LET ME GUESS - YOU'VE
MET UP WITH SCOUSE HARRISON. WELL
JUST TO CHEER YOU UP I'VE HEARD
THAT WE'RE GOING TO ATTACK THE
HILL TONIGHT WITH X TROOP.

YOU'VE MADE MY
DAY! HOW DO YOU
UNVOLUNTEER?



AS THE SUN SET THAT NIGHT THE COMMANDOS MOVED OUT TO TAKE AND HOLD THE VITAL HILL.



THE COMMANDO ENGINEERS HAD LAID WHITE TAPES TO MARK THE SAFE AREAS...



A GERMAN PATROL SENSED TROUBLE...



THE GERMAN WAS RIGHT — BUT TOO LATE!



THE ADVANCE CONTINUED...



SILENTLY THE COMMANDOS SNAKED THEIR WAY THROUGH THE ENEMY LINES UNDER THE COVER OF DARKNESS, UNTIL AT LAST THE SUMMIT WAS REACHED.



AT THE SIGNAL FROM THE CAPTAIN, X TROOP CHARGED IN WITH BLOODCURDLING YELLS AND SHRIEKS...

ACH! RUN FOR YOUR LIVES.
IT IS THE GREEN DEVILS!



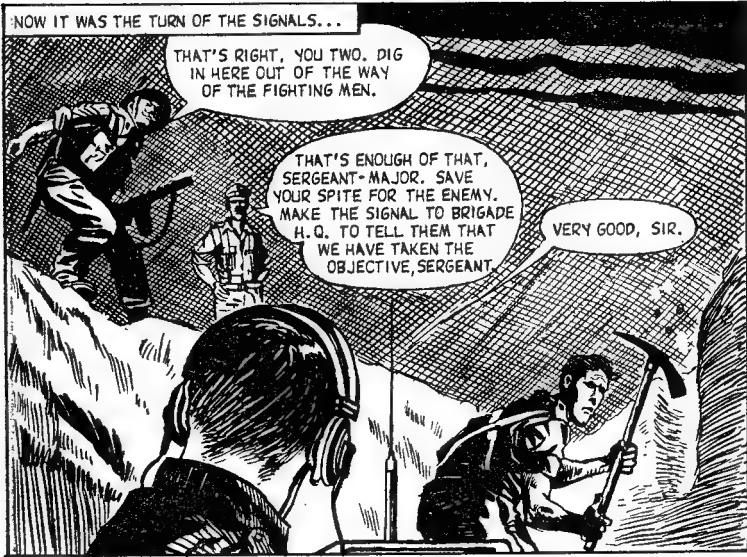
THE SUDDENNESS OF THE ATTACK FROM THE SURROUNDING DARKNESS OVERWHELMED THE SURPRISED GERMAN DEFENCES.



WELL, WE DID IT. NOW GET EVERYONE ORGANISED IN CLEANING OUT THE GERMAN WEAPON PITS AND DIGGING OUR OWN WHERE NECESSARY. JERRY WILL ATTACK WITH THE DAWN - HE DOESN'T LIKE NIGHT ATTACKS.

VERY GOOD, SIR. IT'S A PITY THAT THIS TELESCOPE IS BUSTED. WE COULD HAVE USED IT OURSELVES.

NOW IT WAS THE TURN OF THE SIGNALS...



THAT'S RIGHT, YOU TWO. DIG IN HERE OUT OF THE WAY OF THE FIGHTING MEN.

THAT'S ENOUGH OF THAT, SERGEANT-MAJOR. SAVE YOUR SPITE FOR THE ENEMY. MAKE THE SIGNAL TO BRIGADE H.Q. TO TELL THEM THAT WE HAVE TAKEN THE OBJECTIVE, SERGEANT.

VERY GOOD, SIR.

THE MAIN BODY OF THE COMMANDO BRIGADE HAD ARRIVED AT THE ASSEMBLY AREA AND WAS EAGERLY AWAITING THE SIGNAL FROM X TROOP.



WITH THE DAWN CAME THE FIRST OF THE SAVAGE GERMAN COUNTER-ATTACKS BY TROOPS DETERMINED TO AVENGE THEIR HUMILIATION AND TO TAKE THE HILL AT ALL COSTS.



BUT, SEASONED TROOPS THOUGH THEY WERE, THE GERMANS MET MORE THAN THEIR MATCH IN THE BATTLE-HARDENED VETERANS OF X TROOP. A VICIOUS CROSSFIRE OF SNARLING BRENS SLASHED THEM TO RIBBONS...



X TROOP WERE DETERMINED THAT THERE SHOULD BE NO SURVIVORS TO TELL OF THE PITIFULLY FEW NUMBERS WHO HELD THE CREST.



THE SUN MOUNTED HIGHER IN THE CLEAR BLUE SKY TO POUR DOWN UPON THE SMALL BAND OF BRITISH SOLDIERS WHO STUBBORNLY HELD THE HILL AGAINST THE ONSLAUGHTS OF A BITTER ENEMY...

THAT'S THE THIRD ATTACK
BEATEN OFF, CONTROL. CAN'T SEE
HOW THEY CAN KEEP THIS UP
MUCH LONGER...

CAPTAIN SWAYNE! THE
GERMANS ARE INFILTRATING
INTO THE WOODS BEHIND
US.

CAPTAIN SWAYNE RACED TO THE THREATENED POINT...

YOU'RE RIGHT, SERGEANT.
THIS MEANS ONLY ONE THING - WE'RE
SURROUNDED!

THE YOUNG COMMANDER THOUGHT WITH LIGHTNING SPEED. A STREAM OF ORDERS SENT HIS VETERANS TO FRESH POSITIONS TO MEET THE EXPECTED ATTACKS FROM THE GERMAN REINFORCEMENTS.



BUT THE WARNING CAME TOO LATE. CAPTAIN SWAYNE FELL MORTALLY WOUNDED IN THE FIERY STREAM OF LEAD FROM THE ADVANCING NAZIS...



THE ATTACK WAS BEATEN OFF BY THE MASSES FIREPOWER OF THE COMMANDOS IN THEIR NEW POSITIONS. T. S. M. HARRISON TOOK OVER COMMAND...

YOU DON'T HAVE TO TELL ME, HE'S DEAD, ISN'T HE? WELL, THERE ARE NO OFFICERS LEFT SO THAT MEANS I TAKE OVER. OUR AMMO. COUNT SHOWS WE HAVE ENOUGH FOR ABOUT ONE MORE ATTACK AND THAT'S OUR LOT.

THE BRIGADE ARE TRYING TO FIGHT THROUGH, BUT IT WILL TAKE SOME TIME. LEAVE THE AMMO QUESTION TO ME. I HAVE AN IDEA...



USING THE ARMY NETWORK OF SIGNAL COMMUNICATIONS BILL SENT A PLEA FOR HELP TO AN R. A. F. SUPPLY SQUADRON...

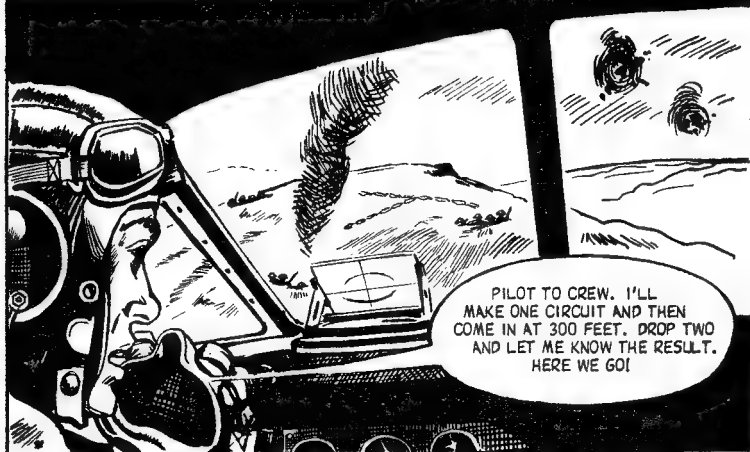
WILL DO, CAPTAIN! TELL THE COMMANDOS THAT WE'LL BE OVER THEM IN TWENTY MINUTES FROM NOW. THEY'LL KNOW THE DRILL -- WE'VE DONE IT OFTEN ENOUGH.



THE LADEN DAKOTA WAS SOON WINGING ITS WAY OVER THE WOODED COUNTRYSIDE...



AS THE DAKOTA WHEELED ABOVE THE HILLTOP A MORTAR BOMB CRASHED TO WINDWARD RELEASING A STREAM OF ORANGE COLOURED SMOKE. THE CENTRE OF THE DEFENCE PERIMETER WAS MARKED OUT WITH A 'T' MADE FROM THE FLUORESCENT SCARVES THE COMMANDOS CARRIED FOR THE PURPOSE.



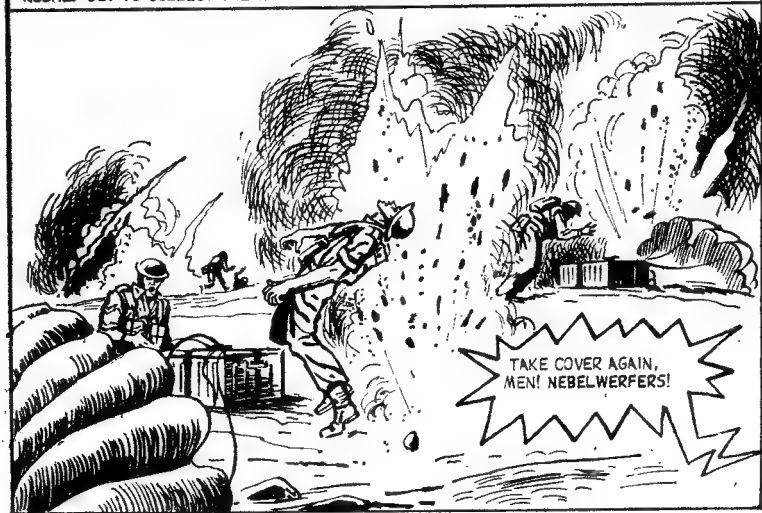
UNDETERRED BY THE ARCING STREAMS OF FLAK THE PLANE CAME IN STRAIGHT AND LOW...



THE STRICKEN PLANE LURCHED HOMEWARDS WITH ITS SPITFIRE ESCORT CIRCLING ANXIOUSLY ABOUT IT.



BUT THE COMMANDOS WERE DELIGHTED WITH THE SUPPLIES WHICH HAD GONE THROUGH, AND RUSHED OUT TO COLLECT THEM. THEIR WILY ENEMY HAD BEEN WAITING FOR JUST THAT...



THE HELLISH SCREAMING OF THE ROCKET SHELLS COULD STRIKE FEAR INTO THE STOUTEST HEARTS...



BUT HELP WAS AT HAND FOR THE HARD-PRESSED DEFENDERS OF THE HILL...



A BATTERY OF 5 IN. GUN-HOWITZERS ROARED THEIR DEFIANCE AT THE ENEMY...



FROM MILES AWAY, THE BIG GUNS LOBBED THEIR SHELLS OVER THE HILL AND UPON THE ENEMY POCKET BATTERIES...



SERGEANT-MAJOR SCOUSE HARRISON WAS BEGINNING TO CHANGE HIS OPINION OF THE SIGNALS...



THE SUN WAS LOW IN THE SKY AS A GROUP OF WORRIED GERMAN STAFF OFFICERS CONFERRED IN A FARMHOUSE BELOW THE HILL.



OBEDIENT TO THE ORDERS OF THEIR COLONEL, THE FANATICAL NAZI TROOPS CLIMBED THE HILL ONCE MORE AND CHARGED AT THE BRITISH LINES WITH GRIM FEROCITY...



THE DISCIPLINED BRITISH TROOPS WAITED UNTIL THE NAZIS WERE WITHIN YARDS OF THEIR POSITIONS BEFORE CUTTING LOOSE WITH A HAIL OF LEAD WHICH MOWED THE ENEMY DOWN LIKE CORN BEFORE A SCYTHE...



NOT EVEN THE CREAM OF THE NAZI TROOPS COULD CONTINUE TO ATTACK WHEN THERE WAS NEVER A SURVIVOR STUMBLING DOWN FROM THE CREST OF THE HILL...

THIS IS MADNESS! WE ARE FIGHTING DEVILS! NO-ONE EVER COMES BACK - IT IS INDEED THE HILL OF NO RETURN!



BUT THE CONTINUED ATTACKS TOOK THEIR TOLL OF THE WEARY DEFENDERS. DULL-EYED WITH FATIGUE, THEY DREW IN THE SIDES OF THEIR SQUARE ONCE MORE...



HAVING FAILED WITH TROOPS THE GERMANS MADE THEIR LAST ATTEMPT IN DAYLIGHT WITH ONE OF THE MOST FEARED WEAPONS OF WORLD WAR II — THE MOBILE 88 MM. GUN. THE SNARLING WHIP CRACK HERALDED A CURTAIN OF SCREAMING STEEL WHICH SWEEPED THE BRITISH POSITIONS FROM END TO END...



BUT TO EVERY QUESTION THERE MUST BE AN ANSWER...



HULLO YORK DOG HOW! WE ARE BEING PLASTERED BY A MOBILE 88. SEND IN GROUND SUPPORT AT ONCE. MY SIGNAL WILL BE TWO RED FLARES. GET CRACKING. OVER!

HULLO ROGER MIKE X-RAY! WILCO. STRIKER ONE IS CAB-RANKED IN YOUR AREA. GOING IN NOW. OUT!

2 ROCKET-EQUIPPED FLIGHT OF TYPHOONS WAS STOOGE AROUND FOR SUCH A CALL FOR ASSISTANCE. THE FLARES WERE SIGHTED...



TALLY-HO! TWO RED FLARES AT ONE O'CLOCK, SKIPPER. THERE ARE OUR BOYS. OVER!

WHEN WILL YOU USE R/T PROCEDURE, STRIKER TWO? STRIKER ONE TO STRIKER TWO AND THREE. I'LL GO IN FIRST YOU STOOGE AROUND HERE AT 500 FEET AND AWAIT MY ORDERS. OUT!

THE MUZZLE-FLASHES OF THE GUN PINPOINTED IT FOR THE FLYING TANK DESTROYER. STRIKER ONE STREAKED DOWN OUT OF THE SETTING SUN LIKE AN AVENGING FURY. ITS ROCKETS ARROWED LIKE THUNDERBOLTS UPON THE UNSUSPECTING GERMANS.



GOT HIM IN ONE!
STRIKER ONE LEADER TO
FLIGHT! BREAK AWAY. BREAK
AWAY. TARGET CLOBBERED,
OUT!



SO HELP ME, THE
NEXT TIME I SEE A RAFF-
TYPE I'LL KISS HIS BOOTS
FOR HIM. STRIKE ME
IF I WON'T.

DARKNESS FELL UPON THE EXHAUSTED MEN
ON THE CREST OF THE HILL...

WE'LL TAKE THE WATER AND
RATIONS FROM THE DEAD - GERMAN
AND OURS. DON'T FORGET ANY AMMO.
YOU MAY FIND. NO FIRES, OF COURSE.
PICKETS TO BE RELIEVED EVERY
HOUR.

WHITE AND I WILL TAKE
ONE PICKET POST TO GIVE
YOUR CHAPS A REST,
SERGEANT-MAJOR.



BILL SUTTON RETURNED FROM THE BRIEFING TO FIND A VERY WORRIED CHALKY WHITE.

THE BATTERIES ARE PLAYED OUT, BILL. I'VE CONNECTED 'EM UP ALL WAYS BUT THERE'S NO VOLTAGE. WE'RE CUT OFF ALL TOGETHER NOW.

OKAY, CHALKY. I'M SURPRISED THEY LASTED AS LONG AS THEY DID. I HATE TO ADD TO SCOUSE'S WORRIES, BUT I'LL HAVE TO TELL HIM.

I'D RATHER YOU THAN ME!

BILL REPORTED TO THE TROOP SERGEANT-MAJOR AND HAD AN UNEXPECTED REPLY.

... AND I'M AFRAID THAT MEANS WE ARE OUT OF TOUCH WITH THE BRIGADE CONTROL SET!

HMMM! WHAT I'VE SEEN OF YOU AND YOUR MATE THESE PAST FEW HOURS CONVINCES ME THAT IT WOULD NOT BE YOUR FAULT. WELL, WE'RE CERTAINLY ON OUR OWN NOW...

BILL AND CHALKY TOOK OVER A WEAPON PIT IN THE PITIFULLY SLENDER LINE OF THE DEFENCES AND SAT OUT THE NIGHT KNOWING THAT LITTLE MORE THAN COLD STEEL AND GUTS STOOD BETWEEN THE COMMANDOS AND ANNIHILATION...

YOU'D HAVE THOUGHT THAT THE BRIGADE WOULD HAVE MANAGED A NIGHT ATTACK TO GET TO US, WOULDN'T YOU?

NOT WITH JERRY WAITING FOR THEM TO DO JUST THAT. OUR PENETRATION WAS A SURPRISE. WE COULDN'T HOPE TO CATCH THE GERMANS TWICE WITH THE SAME TRICK.



WITH THE FALSE DAWN CAME THE NAZIS' OPENING MOVE OF THE NEW DAY...

WAKE UP, CHALKY. THEY'RE MOVING IN ALL AROUND. THIS IS IT.



THIS TIME THE NAZIS TOOK A LEAF OUT OF THE COMMANDOS' BOOK. A SHOWER OF SMALL MORTAR BOMBS RELEASED A CHOKING CLOUD OF WHITE SMOKE WHICH BLANKETED THE AREA. THROUGH IT CAME THE GERMANS, CONFIDENT OF VICTORY.



BUT THIS TIME THE ODDS WERE TOO GREAT FOR THE SURVIVING COMMANDOS. THE GERMANS BROKE THROUGH AND THE CREST OF THE HILL BECAME COVERED WITH PAIRS OF MEN FIGHTING TO THE DEATH...



CHALKY DISPOSED OF HIS OPPONENT...



...WHILE BILL WAS BEING KEPT BUSY...



HAVING CRIPPLED ONE OF THE ENEMY,
BILL WHEELED TO ENGAGE THE OTHER...



...AND SOON SETTLED HIM...



THE BATTLE RAGED ON BUT THE TINY FORCE OF BRITISH TROOPS WERE BEING OVERWHELMED BY SHEER WEIGHT OF NUMBERS. BILL SAW SCOUSE HARRISON IN DEADLY DANGER, AND ACTED FAST...



IN THE VERY NICK OF TIME THE ADVANCE TROOPS OF THE COMMANDO BRIGADE BURST THROUGH...



SOON THE SUN SHONE DOWN OUT OF THE MORNING MISTS UPON A SCENE OF TRIUMPH AND CARNAGE...

BILL, SERGEANT-MAJOR, OVER HERE! THIS IS A SIGHT FOR SORE EYES.



THEY STOOD WATCHING THE CLOUDS OF DUST ROLL OUT INTO THE PLAINS BEYOND THE HILL. THE ARMOUR WAS ROLLING AGAIN! X TROOP HAD MADE IT - WITH A LITTLE HELP FROM THE SIGNALS...

I THOUGHT THE BREAKOUT WOULD NEVER COME AND I HAVE YOU TO THANK FOR BEING ABLE TO SEE IT, BILL! I'D BE PROUD TO HAVE YOU AS A MEMBER OF X TROOP - ER, AND WHITE, OF COURSE...

WE APPRECIATE THE COMPLIMENT, SCOUSE, BUT WE HAVE DIFFERENT PATHS TO TREAD TO FINISH THIS FOUL WAR - AND FINISH IT WE WILL - ONE DAY!



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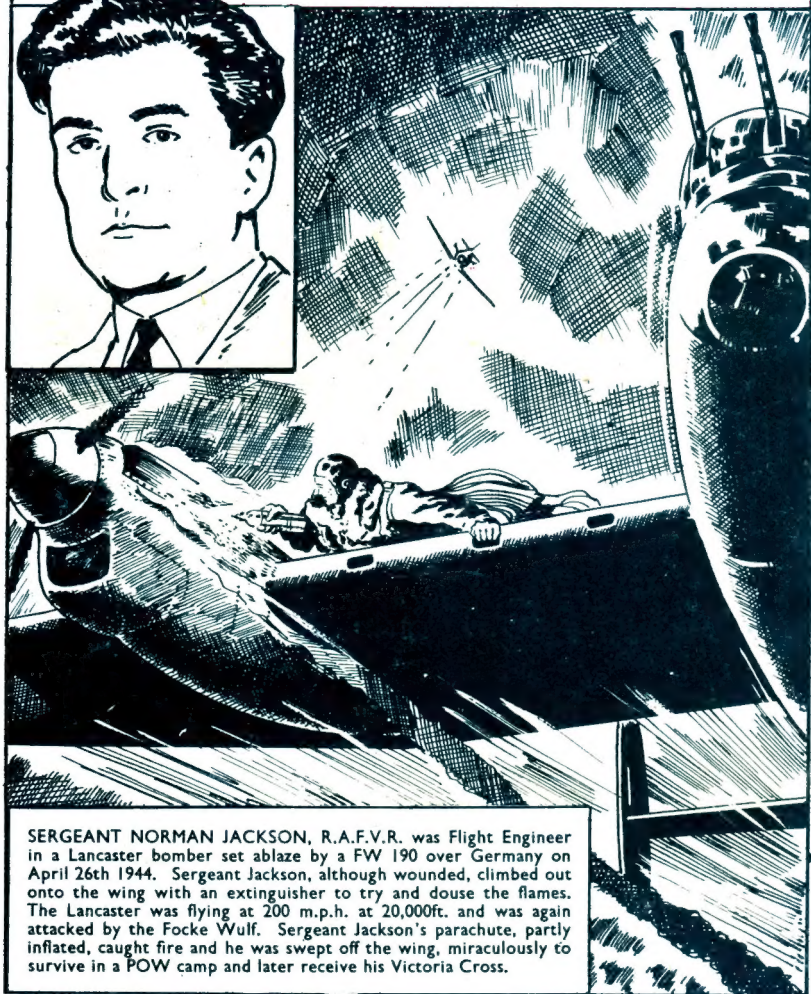
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DARING DEEDS OF WORLD WAR TWO



SERGEANT NORMAN JACKSON, R.A.F.V.R. was Flight Engineer in a Lancaster bomber set ablaze by a FW 190 over Germany on April 26th 1944. Sergeant Jackson, although wounded, climbed out onto the wing with an extinguisher to try and douse the flames. The Lancaster was flying at 200 m.p.h. at 20,000ft. and was again attacked by the Focke Wulf. Sergeant Jackson's parachute, partly inflated, caught fire and he was swept off the wing, miraculously to survive in a POW camp and later receive his Victoria Cross.